

Ladies' LITERARY OR, Museum;



Weekly Repository.

" Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

The Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

'For my part,' said mr. Dob, I would have no hesitation in going, like mad. de Sevrac, to visit the chapel, ten feet square, dedicated to the patron saint of the old marquis, who was universally reckoned very devout.¹⁰ I would even go to the villa Altieri, at the risk of meeting in the ruins with a monk, who should tell me that 'death is in the house.'¹¹ 'Ah you carry it with a high hand, my friend; because you think yourself secure from such situations: how embarrassed would you be, could you be taken at your word! For example, you remember the chevalier de Germeuil?' 'Yes,' replied mr. Dob, in a grave tone, he was the uncle of the little girl whom my goose of a son wants to marry, and brother of the president who was guillotined, and to whom this very chateau belonged.' 'Exactly so; you have often told me that his regiment was quartered at Poitiers when you were pursuing your studies.' 'All that is strictly true.' 'You had some dispute with him in a coffee-house?' 'Yes,' replied mr. Dob, in a trembling tone. 'You fought on the ramparts of the Capuchins?' 'True,' answered mr. Dob, with a scarcely audible voice. 'You killed him?' 'I did indeed,' said mr. Dob, with a sigh. 'If I

N^o 6.

am not mistaken, at that moment the clock struck ten.' 'Precisely,' said mr. Dob, who hardly dared trust his eye to turn on the clock, which formed the ornament of his drawing-room.' 'Well then, we will suppose that ten o'clock was now to strike, and the shade of the chevalier to appear and beckon you, would you follow him?' 'But, my good friend, what you are supposing could never happen!' He looked earnestly at Dubert, and Roger's head fell on the table, wrapped in a profound slumber. 'I know well, that what I have said is impossible; I merely wished to state a case which might come completely *home to you*. Consider the subject a moment: would you have resolution to follow the sceptre?' 'Surely I would,' said mr. Dob. 'Yes; most undoubted——' As he pronounced these words, the clock of the castle struck ten, and mr. Dob gave an involuntary start. At the last stroke mr. Dob felt somewhat lightly touch his shoulder; he heard a sepulchral voice utter, in slow and measured accents, these words—'I claim your promise! follow me!' Struck dumb with astonishment and terror, he turned pale, and shuddered; but seeing that Dubert preserved the same air of tranquility as before, he thought his imagination had deceived him, and that it was all the effect of a mind heated by the preceding conversation. He ventured to turn his head, and saw, behind his chair, a tall form, whose pale and livid

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features bore the print of death. The eyes seemed fixed and motionless; the cheeks unshaken, and the teeth grinding together horribly. The phantom was wrapped from head to foot in a winding sheet, and about the breast the linen was torn,³ and the hands too of the sceptre were bloody. Mr. Dob uttered a shriek, as 'piercing,' as 'heart rending,' as ever was uttered by hero or heroine. Dubert astonished, flew to him, and seizing him by the arms, enquired eagerly the cause of his emotion. 'Gracious heaven! do you see nothing? 'there!' ⁴ 'It is in vain you speak like Alfred. I really am not so clear sighted as Leonard. What is the matter?' 'He whom you just now named——' Here Mr. Dob stopped. 'The chevalier de Germeuil?' Mr. Dob answered only with a nod of the head, and put his hand to his eyes. 'Why your head is disordered, as much as was Emily's, when she thought twice that she saw the shade of her father sitting before her, while she drew from under the floor the bundle of papers, which she burnt after having read a phrase of 'dreadful import:'⁵ with which, thro four long volumes, we vainly expect to be made acquainted. But here we are as completely alone as was the unfortunate marchioness de Mazzini in 'the caverns of the southern apartments;'⁶ and, as there is no fear of our remaining in them, like her, for 'fifteen years,' you may recover from your imaginary alarm.' 'Look behind my chair, and judge if my alarm be so imaginary.' He pronounced the words in a feeble voice, and attempted to move, but his legs failed him. 'Thou alone,' exclaimed the apparition, 'thou alone hast offended, thou alone canst hear and see *him* whom thou hast offended.' 'Thou art then,' replied Mr. Dob, 'like the bleeding nun, who was invisible to every eye but that of Raymond de las Cisternas. Yet I have not carried off the niece of Donna Rodolpha.'⁷ Dubert! help! help!' 'What sudden delirium is this?' cried the young man; 'endeavor to recal your scattered senses! You alarm me! Roger, Roger, awake!' added Dubert, shaking violently the sleeping youth. 'Ah! you will find now that he is for all the world like the boy of the inn at Ratisbon, whom Raymond made sleep in his room;⁸ and I'd wager any sum tis that horrible spectre who has set him asleep.' 'Fear not,' said Dubert, still pulling Roger by the arm, 'awake! awake! assist me to tranquilise your father, who fancies himself surrounded by goblins.' 'Goblins!' exclaimed Roger, rubbing his eyes, 'I don't wonder at it; after all the books he has read, and the continual conversations which you hold together on the subject. My dear father,' added he, advancing towards him, 'why give way to such ridiculous fears.' Half persuaded by Roger's composed man-

ner, Mr. Dob ventured to look up, and beheld the same spectre, in the same spot. 'There he is still! for the love of heaven, Dubert, run and seek the 'great mogul,' or 'the wandering jew,'⁹ which is all the same thing; or I shall never get rid of him! 'There is no occasion for so much company,' said the phantom, in measured accents, 'and I shall disappear, as all phantoms must do, sooner or later; but remember the ramparts of the Capuchins!' Saying these words the phantom vanished, enveloped in a cloud of smog, which carried him from the sight¹⁰ of Mr. Dob. 'Tis gone; tis vanished!' said he. He was right: there was nothing now to be seen.¹¹ Upon this certainty his courage returned; he conducted the two young men to the spot of the floor where the spectre had vanished; saying, in a voice which still trembled, 'There he stood—I saw him, as plainly as I now see you.' He described the figure, repeated the words which he had heard, and repeated the assurance that he was visible to him alone. 'I no longer wonder,' said Dubert, 'that he was invisible to us; he wished to remain *incog.* and he addressed you as discreetly as Zampari addressed Vivaldi in 'the chamber of the Inquisition.'¹² His visit was only to you. However, follow my advice, and try to think on other things. We must in future choose other subjects of conversation after supper. In the mean time let us drink to the better health of your lively imagination.' Mr. Dob had soon recovered himself; and altho he was still convinced of the reality of what he had seen, his mind became gradually so composed, that at length he fell asleep in his chair.

CHAPTER IV.

On awakening, Mr. Dob called first on Dubert, then on his son. No answer was returned, save that of surrounding echoes, which prolonged the sound of his own voice. Surprised at this, he started up; and throwing around an eager glance, exclaimed, 'Am I awake! or am I like 'Adeline,' in 'the abbey of St. Clair,' going to 'dream *three times* following of the assassination of my father?'¹³ He was somewhat surprised, however, to find himself extended (instead of the arm chair in which he had dropped asleep) upon a bench of black and shining wood, in the middle of an apartment, with which he was totally unacquainted. With inexpressible surprise he surveyed his situation. 'Ah!' said he, after a few minutes, 'the hall is of ancient architecture, but extremely noble, tho heavy in the design.'¹⁴ These are the large gothic columns, whose capitals, chiefly decayed, support the dome; and, tho of a considerable height, the diameters are greater than the strict rules of that kind of architecture would admit.' Then, raising

his eyes to the dome, he continued, 'The top opens in a large dome and gallery, the walls of which had exhibited beautiful paintings, which are now nearly destroyed. A large painted sky-light terminates the height, and additional light is received from four elevated casements, on different sides of the hall. Beneath,' said he, walking round the hall, 'are the pilasters of the same dimensions upwards, which stand opposite the pillars; between each of which are niches which hold statues larger than life. There are the large fire-places,' said he, turning his back to one, and holding aside the flap of his coat; 'the size seems to show that hospitality, and the comforts of life, were once enjoyed in this dreary and melancholy abode. The pavement is of black and white marble, the stones of which are of a considerable size; in the front are the pair of heavy folding doors, and on each side are the stone stair-cases, which of course wind to the chambers above. 15 All this proves to me beyond a doubt,' added Mr. Dob, in a melancholy tone, 'that I am in the hall of Grasville abbey; and now I am exposed to all the enterprises of the count d' Ollifont, Eburne, and all those rascals who poisoned the old marquis of Mazerini, and assassinated his son Percival; there in one of the upper chambers, where I dare say are still to be seen the 'marks of foot steps, which seem as if the signor Mazerini had crossed them.' 16 Undoubtedly I am in Grasville abbey,' said he, after another pause; 'already I hear that eternal thunder! Yet, how is it possible, that, from the department of the Lower Seine, I should find myself, without knowing how, 'near Montserat in Italy, and but a little distance from the gulf of Genoa.' 17 Unless, indeed, Dubert last night gave me a sleeping potion, like that given to the count de Lapiere by a stranger, who met him in a village near the castle of the baroness de Hertzbach. 18 Yet I have no daughter of whom Rasoni is enamored; therefore, what I now see is simply the effect of our last night's conversation, and of a delirium to which I ought not to listen.' 'Listen!' said a voice. 19 'This becomes extraordinary,' replied Mr. Dob, listening attentively. A groan followed. 'I am not superstitious,' 20 continued he, yet I know not how to explain all the events which have taken place this night! 'This night!' said the voice. 21

[To be continued.]

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| 1. Hubert de Sevrac. | 10. Celestine. |
| 2. The Italian. | 11. Grasv. Abbey. |
| 3. The Monk. | 12. Con. Black Penitents. |
| 4. Grasville Abbey. | 13. Rom. of the Forest. |
| 5. Mysteries of Udol. | 14, 15, 16, 17, Gr. Abbey. |
| 6. Sicilian Romance. | 18. Celestine. |
| 7, 8, 9, The Monk. | 19, 20, 21, Myst. Udol. |

London Fashions.

"Mourning Dresses for the death of the princess Charlotte."

Evening Dress.—A black crape frock over a black sarsnet slip. The skirt of the frock is finished by full flounces of the fashionable *chevaux-de-frise* trimming. The body which is cut very low round the bust, is elegantly decorated with jet beads. Short full sleeves, ornamented to correspond with the body. The hair is much parted in front, so as to display the forehead, and dressed lightly at each side of the face; the hind hair is drawn up quite tight behind. Head-dress, a jet comb, to the back of which is affixed a novel and elegant mourning ornament; and a long black crape veil placed at the back of the head, which falls in loose folds round the figure, and partially shades the neck. Ear-rings, necklaces, and cross, of jet. Black chamois gloves, and black slippers.

Walking Dress.—A high dress composed of bombazeen; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with black crape, disposed in a very novel style. The body, which is made tight to the shape, wraps across to the right side; it is adorned in a very novel style with pipings of black crape disposed like braiding, and finished by rosetts of crape, in the centre of which is a small jet ornament. Long sleeves tastefully finished at the wrist to correspond with the body, and surmounted by a half sleeve of a new form trimmed with crape. A high standing collar partially displays a mourning ruff. *Claremont Bonnet*, so called because it is in the same shape as the one recently worn by the princess; it is composed of black crape, over black sarsnet, and is lined with double white crape. The crown is rather low, the front large, and of a very becoming shape; it is tastefully finished by black crape, and ornamented by a bunch of crape flowers placed on one side. Black chamois gloves, and black shoes.—[A. Repos.]

Evening Dress.—Round dress of bombazeen trimmed round the border with crape in *chevaux de frise*; short apron of crape, ornamented in the same manner; ear-pendants of jet; the hair dishevelled and confined by jet bandeaux; a white crape veil thrown over the head; black chamois slippers and black silk gloves.

Walking Dress.—Round dress of Norwich crape, with two flounces of white muslin broad hemmed or vandyked; spencer of *reps* silk, trim-

med with crape and surmounted by a triple ruff of white muslin; bonnet of *reps* silk, lined with white, and elegantly finished at the crown with crape and black cypress feathers; black chamois slippers and gloves.

The Fashion.—The dark and oppressive cloud which now hangs over the dominion of fashion, has caused her ministers to droop the heads, and the mourning stole and cypress plume hang over the fair forms so lately arrayed in the rainbow of gayety and versatility.

Evening turbans of black satin, cypress gauze, and *chinelle* trimming are in high estimation for dinner parties; for evening *costume*, or full dress, they are surmounted by a plume of cypress feathers uncurled.

Ladies who do not attend to the strict letter of the court order, wear alternately striped gauze, grey crape and black silk, or bombazeen, trimmed with muslin flounces with broad hems. Cypress gauze is much worn, and is infinitely more becoming than crape.

Ear-pendants of jet are worn of a prodigious length, reaching above half way down the throat; broaches of jet in the form of crescents reversed, are most prevalent.—[*La Belle Assemblée.*]

[By our *Letter-Box.*]

The Mirror of Real Life.

By an association of Female Spies.

PICTURE FIRST.

If the reader cannot see his own errors and faults in *this* picture, he may in the *NEXT*!

The sole object in presenting these pictures of men and women *as they really are*, is nothing more nor less than an attempt "to reform the faulty and give an innocent amusement to those who are not so." All possible care will therefore be taken to avoid every thing *personal*; and altho *real facts* will be reflected, still the actors' names and persons will be so completely hidden behind the scenes, that the most discerning reader will not be able to discover an object to point his "finger at," unless indeed it be *himself*!

As we are not so confident of our abilities 'to write,' as we are of the power to spy into all the fashionable and domestic affairs of the 'good' people of this city, we shall avail ourselves, without ceremony, of the literary labors of others, when-

ever it suits our purpose. By uniting in this manner, the remarks of various authors with our own, we shall puzzle the male-critics, and shield ourselves in a measure from their attacks; as we intend never to tell what is our own, or what writers we make use of—they must therefore first discover our vulnerable part. As to the *music* of our own sex, whom we may offend by pulling off their masks, we shall seldom if ever lend it an ear.

Without obtruding ourselves further into notice, we shall commence with a few salutary preliminaries on the prevailing sentiments of love, in which we shall not 'ask leave' to introduce to herself,

THE ADMIRER MISS LANGUAGE.

"Of all the passions giv'n us from above,
"The noblest, softest, and the best, is LOVE!"

says a justly celebrated poet, and we readily agree that love in itself, when under the direction of reason, harmonizes the soul, and gives it a gentle, generous turn; but we can by no means approve of such definitions of that passion as we generally find in romances, novels, and plays: in most of those writings, the authors seem to lay out all their art in rendering that character most interesting, which most sets at defiance all the obligations, by the strict observance of which love can alone become a virtue. They dress their cupid up in roses, call him the God of soft desires, and ever-springing joys, yet at the same time give him the vindictive fury, and the rage of Mars; show him impatient of controul, and trampling over all the ties of duty, friendship, or natural affection, yet make the motive sanctify the crime. How fatal, how pernicious, to a young and unexperienced mind must be such maxims, especially when dressed up in all the pomp of words! the beauty of the expression steals upon the senses, and every mischief, every woe that love occasions, appears a charm. Those who feel the passion are so far from endeavoring to repel its force, or being ashamed of their attachment, however opposite to reason, that they indulge, and take a pride in turning into ridicule the remonstrances of their more discerning friends. But what is yet more preposterous, and more evidently shows the ill effects of writing in this manner, is, that we often see girls, too young either to be addressed on the score of love, or even to know what is meant by the passion, affect the languishment they read of, roll their eyes, sigh, fold their arms, neglect

every useful learning, and attend to nothing but acquiring the reputation of being enough a woman to know all the pains and delicacies of love.

Miss Languish is one of those I have described: she was the other day invited to a concert, and as soon as the music began to strike up, cried out, in a kind of dying tone, yet loud enough to be heard by a great part of the assembly,

"If music be the food of Love, play on."

A young lady happened to be near her, who is supposed to be very near entering into the marriage state, but contents herself with discovering what sentiments she is possessed of in favor of her intended bridegroom only to those interested in them. She blushed extremely at the extravagance of her companion, and the more so, as she found the eyes of every one turned upon her, and by their smiles and whispers to each other, showed that they imagined *Miss* had burst into this exclamation merely on her account. A smart gentleman, on the next bench to them, took this opportunity of rallying her very wittily, as he thought, on the discovery her young confidante had made; and the poor lady was in the utmost confusion, till she who had occasioned it being vexed to find what she had said so much mistaken, and that no notice was taken of herself, behaved in such a manner as left no room to doubt which of them was the proper object for ridicule.

How easy were it now for a designing fortune-hunter to make a prey of this bib-and-apron heroine! the less qualified he was to render her choice of him approved, and the more averse her friends appeared to such a match, the more would she glory in a noble obstinacy of contemning their advice, and sacrificing her person and fortune to an imaginary passion for him; and one has no need of being a very great prophet to foretell, that if she is not speedily removed from those who at present have the care of her, and some other methods taken than such as have hitherto been made use of, to give her a more rational way of thinking, that wealth her frugal parents hoarded up, in order to purchase for her a lasting happiness, will only prove the bait for her destruction.

I am sorry to observe, that of late years this humor has been strangely prevalent among our young ladies, some of whom are scarce entered into their teens before they grow impatient for admiration, and to be distinguished in

love songs and verses, expect to have a great bustle made about them, and he that first attempts to persuade them he is a lover, bids very fair for carrying his point. The eagerness of their wishes to be addressed, gives charms to the address itself, which otherwise it would not have; and hence it follows, that when a young creature has suffered herself to fall a victim to the artifices of her pretended lover, and her own giddy whim, and is afterwards convinced of her error, she looks back with no less wonder than shame on her past conduct, detests the object of her former imaginary passion, and wishes nothing more than to be eternally rid of the presence of him she once with so much eagerness pursued.

The Olio.

BY MARMADUKE MEDLEY, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

No. VI.—By *Anthony Aimwell, Gentleman.*

Sitting the other evening with my friends Medley and Syllabub, the conversation involuntary turned on the scenes of younger days, and from thence naturally resulted a comparison between those times and the present. With what delight did we reflect on the many pleasant hours passed in pleasing and familiar intercourse, amusing ourselves with the often told tale of youthful feats, and 'deeds of noble daring.' Yet our pleasure in the retrospection was not without alloy, when we called to mind the numerous companions of our youthful sports, who with us started into life big with hope and buoyant with expectation, but had long since passed from time to eternity. Painful was the reflection of the transitory nature of man, and the mutability of human happiness, we felt alone in the world, and could not refrain from assimilating ourselves to aged oaks, that having seen the forest felled around them, patiently await the stroke of the woodman. Those times were very different from the present: then, the republican simplicity of our manners had not been contaminated by foreign intercourse, and our youth were educated in principles of morality and usefulness. In the present day, the youth is scarcely released from the apron string of his mother, when he sallies from the domestic fireside—and where? To a billiard room, a tavern, or card table, if nothing worse: there his evenings are passed exulting in the losses of his adversary, or

damning the fates for his own ill fortune; in the latter case, 'let us forget ourselves and we forget our misfortunes,' is his gratifying adage, and flying to the bottle, every sense and every feeling is soon buried in oblivion—reeling home and in his way maiming a watchman, (which, by the bye, our bucks esteem a very honorable and commendable action,) he tumbles into bed, not to enjoy the refreshing repose of nature, but for a time to dissipate the effects of the night's debauch; the next morning he rises with haggard looks, and feelings which those only who have felt them can describe; and for what does he rise? to repent and amend? no—but pursue again the same routine of dissipation. If he is invited to a party, he lounges about the room taking no pleasure in any thing, and after venting anathemas against the stupidity of the place, gets really drunk, to cure the vapour, and kill time.

When reflecting on this subject, I cannot but sympathise with my worthy and estimable old friend Manlius. This gentleman, possessing the respect and esteem of all his acquaintance, has the misfortune to see his sons idle, profligate, and dissipated spendthrifts; actuated by a false and reprehensible lenity, his children were early indulged in every foible and caprice, and he discovered his error too late to correct it. Gratified in every desire, and accustomed from their earliest infancy to pursue their own inclinations, and obedient only to the dictates of their own feelings and passions, they have become reckless of the world's opinion, and impatient of control. Their days are spent in idleness and ignorance, their nights in riot and debauchery. What must be the agonized feelings of the venerable Manlius, when, as leaving his house to pursue the avocations of the morning, he meets his son pale and emaciated, his haggard looks, hollow cheeks, and dishevelled hair; every movement, denoting the baneful effects of dissipation? Much as he condemns, deeply as the ingrate's conduct wounds him, all the parent, all the philanthropist rises in his bosom, and instead of that reception the prodigal should receive, he invokes the benediction of heaven on the head of his worthless child. 'May God bless thee my son,' is uttered with all the fervor of a benignant and upright heart. Manlius repairs to the scene of business—his son to a street corner, there to await some of his equally industrious companions, that they may together seek an amusement to dissipate

their drowsy feelings. A short time since, being invited to an evening's entertainment, the first question asked was, 'does the house sport good wines?' the second, 'whether, in case they should hereafter meet the giver of the entertainment or any of his family in the street, it would be incumbent on them to recognise them?' Why? 'because he was not rich enough to sport his carriage, and give frequent and splendid dinners, and they were very sure this entertainment was merely intended to introduce his daughters into fashionable life.' Coming from us, how will such an expression sound to the ear of a foreigner? Are these the boasted privileges of republicanism? Are these correct sentiments for the only free and most 'enlightened nation in the world'? Manlius has daughters also, but alas! they have imbibed the same nonsensical and aristocratical sentiments! They have declared their intention not to visit the assemblies this evening—why? 'oh dear, tis so mixt—in one cotillion a carpenter's daughter, in another a mason's, &c. so that you can scarcely move without being brushed over by some of these creatures; and as for the men, you have frequently in the course of the dance to give your hand to a person, who only a few hours before was glad to measure you a yard of tape or bobbin!' sweet sensibility! amiable delicacy! enchanting refinement! for shame! for shame! are those the sentiments that actuated our ancestors? is it from such a polluted source we are to expect the future heroes and statesmen of our country? and are such actions to be held up as an example to posterity? I trust not.

ANTHONY AIMWELL.

Maid's Hall, Upper Story, Jan. 31, 1818.

MR. EDITOR,

Tho some of my sex may consider it arrogance in me to make a public declaration of my present feelings and situation, yet when reflection awakens me to that sense of duty which I owe my frail and fickle sisterhood, I appear strengthened and fortified in the opinion, that I am acting diametrically opposite to what they may consider correct, by subjecting to your criticism and inspection, as well as that of your readers, a brief sketch of my younger days.

I am, what is generally termed, an *Old Maid*: thirty-five years have glided away, and yet I am single! Silently seated in my room, I sing to myself—

"Nobody coming to marry me,
"Nobody coming to woo!"

When I was about *eighteen*, (though I say it

myself) I was as handsome a creature as the neighbourhood could produce, and many a dashing blade paid his addresses to me. *Bob Bother* was the first beau I ever knew; he was so attentive that he never permitted Sunday to pass by, without accompanying me to church. Bob had visited our house for about four months, when, one evening, (I never shall forget the time) the poor fellow had been at a neighboring *hoop-see-saw*, and came to see me rather too much "inspired by the juice of the grape!" My father, unfortunately for poor Bob, was rather in a crusty mood, and ordered him to leave the room immediately. Mother and myself pled for the poor fellow, but all in vain: 'off Bob must go,' cried old dad, 'and miss Dolly if ever I find you in his company I'll fix you, my lady.' With this Bob bade farewell, and I have never seen him from that day to this. *Jack Jones* was the next who came a *sparkling*, (as they call it now-a-days) but he was so confounded homely and withal saucy, that I gave him the sack the first night, and accepted of the company of *Trim Turnoff*. Trim, however, I at once saw was never made for me; he had such a great handle to his face—so big a mouth and lips, and possessed so much vanity, that I was soon induced to present him his *marching orders*! The door was scarcely closed upon poor Trim, before our house was visited by a spruce, dashing looking young fellow from the city, called *Sam Splash*, who came up driving *tantrum*: and although he had never seen me before, introduced himself with 'pon my soul I'm glad to see you miss Dorothy, my name is mr. Samuel Splash at your service! You look fair as the sun, gay as the lark, lively as a linnet, and fresh as a full blown rose!' What conceited fool (thinks I to myself) is this? Some *barber's clerk* or some city *counter-jumper*, without one qualification to entitle him to the smile of welcome. Politeness, however, taught me to receive him, and I bade him enter and seat himself. After a few moments conversation, however, I began to have a different opinion of the young chap, and before the hour of his departure arrived, permitted him to press his lips once or twice to mine. The clock struck ten, he pressed my hand gently betwixt his own, bade me farewell, requesting me to call at the post office the ensuing week for a tender billet-doux which the young rogue promised to write me. After he had gone I laid myself on my couch to sleep, but all appeared in vain: sleep fled from my embrace, and imagination painted to my view the image of my dear *Samuel*. The morning came and with it came the mail—I flew to the post office, but no letter—again it arrived, but with it arrived not the looked for letter: thrice did it come and still no epistle. 'Base de-

ceiving wretch,' I exclaimed, 'thou hast betrayed me by thy artful tales, and I will have revenge.' I had scarce uttered these words, ere my mother entered and presented me with a letter, which the day before she had taken from the office. Mortified as I felt I broke the seal, and were it not that I have trespassed upon your patience, I would transcribe it for your perusal. After reading it over twice, I placed it in my *ridicule* and fell in a profound sleep, from which I was aroused by the entrance of *Theophilus Thorn*, a neighbour's son. —We had, during our frolics and youthful gambols at school, imbibed a regard for each other, which time had not yet erased from the tablets of our memories, and although I knew he was paying his addresses to Poll Thompson, yet I could not conceal my affection for him. Without ceremony he caught me round the neck and imprinted upon my lips the mark of affection, at the same time telling me if ever I gave my hand or bestowed my person to another while he lived, he would go crazy and hang himself! At the bare mention of another, the image, the letter of *Splash*, seemed to stare me in the face, but casting my eyes on *Thoph* I unthinkingly cried, 'never will I wed another,' and fell into his arms. In a few moments I recovered, and *Thoph* bade good evening, cautioning me to remember what I had uttered. The next day I wrote to *Splash*, informing him that I never wished to see or hear from him, and returning the billet which he had transmitted. But think, Mr. Editor, how I felt when the news arrived that *Thoph* was married to Poll Thompson!!! *Splash* I rejected—*Thoph* deceived me—*Trim* I dismissed—*Jack* I gave the 'bag to hold,' and *Bob* my father hurried off.

Many days have elapsed since *Thoph's* wedding, and no one in the shape of a man enters our house: I sit alone and mourn over my afflictions: I sigh for the company of the many young fellows I have dismissed, but none return. Old age is creeping on, and while others live mutually and happy together, I am compelled to remain an old maid! Oh, that I had taken *Bob*, or disappointed in him had put up with *Jack*, or missing both had become the wife of *Trim* or *Splash*, and *Thoph* would never have had the pleasure to boast that he could have got me if he had wanted!

I trust, Mr. Editor, that some of your female readers will profit by this publication, and not live single till they are more than twenty, nor reject a good offer of a husband.—*Doylestown D.*

AN OLD MAID.

The true art of conversation, is to say all that is to be said, and withholding all that need not be said.

[By our Letter-Box.]

SONG.

Columbia on the Ocean.

Ye freemen of Columbia! be mindful of your fame,
Let no rude foe, presumptuous, insult your rising
name;
And on the roaring ocean, with glory and applause,
Protect your flag and commerce, your country and
your laws.

Chorus—Ye freemen of Columbia, &c.

The heroes of Columbia, when warring on the main,
Are like our lofty mountains, which storms assail in
vain;
With lion-force impetuous, they rush upon their foes,
Like Niagara's torrent, which nothing can oppose.

Chorus—Then freemen of Columbia, &c.

Their foes upon the ocean, are sought with equal
force,
They stop the conqu'ring Briton, so haughty in his
course;
Ferocious as the tiger, they deal the vengeful blow,
And sink the bold intruder, beneath the billows low.

Chorus—Then freemen of Columbia, &c.

Such is their wond'rous valor, when side by side the
foe,
Who dares their flag dishonor, or aim a wrathful
blow,
That like our native eagles, embattling for their
brood,
Before they yield the contest, they'll shed each drop
of blood!

Chorus—Then freemen, &c.

When hot the battle rages, amid the strife of steel,
The fury of the byson, they imitate with zeal;
But when the conflict's over, they dress the wounds
they made,
And foes so bravely conquer'd, receive their quick-
est aid.

Chorus—Then freemen, &c.

With wonder, every nation, beholds our glory flame,
And every noble hero, obtain a deathless name;
With more than common wonder, they see the lau-
rels torn
From Britain's boasted navy, and placed upon our
own!

Chorus—Then freemen, &c.

Then long as splendid Erie, shall roll its waves su-
blime,
Our flag shall be respected, in every distant clime;
And numerous as our forests, shall laurels grace our
fair,
And verdant as our flowers, forever blossom there.

Chorus—Then long as splendid Erie, shall roll &c.

ELIZABETH.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1818.

Hymeneal.

MARRIED, on Tuesday, 10th inst. by the rev.
Martin Ruter, Mr. L. A. Houston, of this city, to
Miss Ann Gorgas, of Mount Airy, Germantown.

Same evening, by the rev. E. S. Ely, Mr. Joseph
Chretien, printer, to Miss Rosanna M'Caraher, of
this city.

On Thursday, 12th inst. by the rev. Caspar Wark,
Mr. John Wark to Miss Elizabeth Frailey, of Ger-
mantown.

In Canton, Mass. by the rev. chaplain of the 2nd
regiment, colonel Bethuel DRAKE to Miss Harriet
CRANE, daughter of major general Crane.

Not birds of one peculiar feather,
In this new age shall wed together;
The stately Crane and beauteous Drake,
Each its own tribe seems to forsake—
If mutual love inclines their breast,
They'll feather well the nuptial nest.

Obituary.

Died, on Friday, the 13th inst. aged 72 years, the
Rev. ABSALOM JONES, Rector of the African
Episcopal Church, St. Thomas, of Philadelphia.

By the death of this worthy man, his congregation,
and the community in general have sustained a se-
vere loss. By his unwearied exertions, for a series
of years, a great number of his colored brethren have
been brought to habits of civilization, and the com-
plaints, formerly so prevalent against them, in a great
degree eradicated: He was, by them, considered as a fa-
ther; as a peace-maker he possessed unbounded influ-
ence, and his decisions were considered as oracular.

The services rendered by him during the differ-
ent visitations of the yellow fever should never be
forgotten by the citizens of Philadelphia, particularly
during that of the year 1793. At that awful period,
when the stoutest heart failed, when husbands de-
serted wives, and parents their offspring, when the
dead lay unburied, and, consequently, the atmosphere
was polluted, Absalom Jones, in conjunction with the
Rev. Richard Allen, stepped forward and offered their
services in the hazardous employment of superin-
tending the internments of the dead. They exerted
themselves further, by procuring nurses of their
own color (scarcely any others could be obtained)
and by restraining the attempts at depredation and
rapine which had become very prevalent. With un-
wearied assiduity they pursued the appalling task
until the destroying angel had withdrawn his hand.

As a preacher, he spoke to the hearts of his con-
gregation—his sermons were adapted to his hearers,
and he delivered the plain truths of the Gospel in an
easy, and often in an energetic manner.

On Monday his remains were interred, attended
by an immense concourse of mourners. The Epis-
copal, and the clergy of other denominations, and ma-
ny of the most respectable inhabitants of Philadel-
phia joined in paying the last tribute of respect to
the memory of a man with whose worth they had
numerous opportunities of being acquainted.